



Last evolution



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Chapter 1 by crimson

"Are you going to sleep until noon? Get up!"

Lilian wishes it was a dream, not her roommate and best friend Yulia commanding her to wake up. She takes a pillow beside her, throws it over her face and presses it against it.

"Get up, or we're going miss the train" Yulia complains. She forcefully takes the pillow from Lilian and throws it against the wall. "I'm giving you three minutes to get ready, Lilian."

"Three minutes?" Lilian jumps out of the bed, panicking. "Shit, I better hurry!"

She almost falls on the floor while she's (literally) jumping in her tight black jeans, her eyes fixed on the large analogue clock on the wall. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she says while balancing. "Did you already ate breakfast?"

"No, we can do that once we're in the train." Yulia says, with a calm voice. She throws her backpack around her shoulder.

"Finally!" Lilian buttons up her checkered blouse quickly. "Let's go!"

Chapter 2 by Harlander



"Don't forget to take your Xerostium!" read the cheery poster in the doorway. Lilian gasped in remembrance, and fumbled in her pocket for the pill dispenser. It had a mechanical lock that

would only release a single capsule a day. She fiddled with it

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"Damn it!" she yelled as the capsule bounced on the ground before disappearing into the air. The capsule bounced on the ground before disappearing into the air.

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"It'll be fine," Yulia said. She'd watched the whole slapstick interlude. "You can get a replacement dose when we get there. Just hurry up or we'll be late."

Lillian pondered as they rushed for the train. It wouldn't matter if her dose was a little delayed, right? It wasn't that important, really...

Chapter 3 by Evelynne Komorebi



As Lillian and Yulia got on the train, they proceeded to look for an open seat, preferably one of those comfy leather seats with the pillows designed specifically for you to be able to sleep better.

The train ride is normally an hour, to two hours, depending which stop you get off at.

"What do you want to eat for breakfast?" Yulia asked, looking at the small breakfast menu they have there.

"Nothing, I just want to sleep," Lillian replied, rolling over to her sized and curling up into a ball on the seat.

"But they have your favorite! The one your mom and dad used to make us, you remember? The pancakes with the maple syrup carefully poured on top with whipped cream and strawberries, with a drink of orange juice!"

Lillian sighed, "My mom and dad always made them the best. No place will make the same as them."

"Oh, come on Lil! Cheer up, it was 4 years ago that they went away. You can't avoid pancakes forever!" Yulia smiled, nudging Lillian playfully.

"Fine, but when we get home, you better let me sleep again, and for a longer time too."

Chapter 4 by Harlander



Lillian rested her head against the window as the rhythm of the train lulled her to sleep. Yulia would wake her when the food cart came through. She slipped into a grey haze.

Suddenly, she felt a jarring sensation, like the kind one sometimes gets when falling asleep. She opened her eyes and peered around the train. It looked strange. When she'd boarded, the train

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unhealthy pallor. Her eyes were bloodshot, her lips cracked.

This wasted figure opened its lips to speak. "Liiiiiiiiiaaaaan...."

"Lillian, wake up! The food is here!" She jerked awake, looking around in fright. Everything looked normal, healthy, clean once more. The smell of pancakes made her mouth water despite herself.

Maybe everything would be all right after all.

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